

1933
Mr. NO-BODY's
Anti-Ticklerian
ADDRESS
TO
Mr. LUCAS.

*You are not to be told
That you have many Enemies, who know not
Why they are so; but, like the Village Curs,
Bark when their Fellows do.* SHAKESPEARE.

*As turns a Flock of Geese and on the Green
Poke out their foolish Necks in awkward Spleen,
Ridiculous in Rage, to hiss, not bite;
So warr the Quills when Sons of Dullness write.* YOUNG.

*Whoever has Patience enough to read this Address
through, will find a sufficient Apology for the Stupidity
of it in the Conclusion.* MYSELF.



D U B L I N:

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[Price one Penny.]



Mr. NO-BODY's
ANTI-TICKLERIAN
ADDRESS
TO
Mr. LUCAS.



SIR,

SINCE Thousands of Virgin Sheets of Paper are condemned, however, unworthy of so scandalous an Execution, to have their spotless Bosoms scrawled over with poison-pointed Pens; a few of them may as well perish by my Hand, as by any other of the numerous Race of ANONYMOUS SCRIBBLERS: And since I am the youngest Son of this unspeakably illustrious Family, give me Leave to offer you some Account of my fame-killing Kindred in Iniquity.

Names we have, though we are called Anonymous; and some of us use anonymous Names, as Mr. *Any-Body*, Mr. *Some-Body*, Mr. *No-Body*. Of these three Gentlemen, by the way, I must mention one Circumstance, which is, That when any anonymous Paper is printed, Mr. *Any-Body* claims the Brat for his own, Mr. *Some-Body* endeavours to support it, and Mr. *No-Body* likes it. But to proceed, Sir, we are certain Persons that shall be nameless; and indeed, nameless in another Sense of the Word, that is, Fameless we shall remain to Eternity. You see, Sir, we are all
ashamed

ashamed of our Names, since we have not Spirit enough to let them shew their Faces with our best-attempted Burlesques upon Writing, and think they would be an additional Disgrace to the Worst. But, though we are ashamed of our Names, yet you must easily perceive our Names are the only Thing we are ashamed of. Now, to speak metaphorically, and, like the rest of us, endeavour to shew my excessive Degree of uncommon Sense and Learning; I cannot, for my Part, think myself a Member of so wretched a Body, or Branch of so rotten-rooted, hollow-hearted, a Trunk. My Reason for thinking so, Sir, is, that I never had a natural Affection for my supposed Brethren; nay, Sir, I have always had as hearty an Aversion to them, as a knighted or place-rewarded Judge, Huckster of Justice, or dignified Alderman, to your publick Addresses and Harangues: Not that my fellow Scriblers discover any Truths that are dreadful to me; but because their Malice, Prejudice, or Envy, never suffers them to speak Truth at all. Some Gentlemen, indeed there are, who suffer themselves to be thought Cousins of ours, and yet so degenerate from us, and disgrace our Family, that they meanly condescend to write intelligibly, nay even Truth and good Sense; and, that too, for the Love of Liberty and their Country! Such are the *Free-Briton*, *Eugenius*, the Author of the Address of Addresses, and some others of that Stamp. Why these Gentlemen should be ashamed of their own Names, I cannot, or rather I can, that is, Mr. *No-Body* can conceive; nor can Mr. *Any-Body*, whom I have consulted on the Occasion, give me a satisfactory Reason, why Men of Sense should desire to be thought of a Family, to which I assure them they are not at all related.

In order, Sir, to give you a just and adequate Idea of us, the true anonymous Scriblers, you must allow me to trace our Genealogy as far back as the Heads of the Family now living, our Great-

grand-Mother, the Lady *Ignorance*, and her beloved Spouse, Lord *Impudence*. This illustrious Pair, Sir, are Favourites in all the Courts in *Europe*, that of *Great-Britain*, to-be-sure, being excepted, because it is our own. Such Darlings of the Great are they, that the Influence of their Evidence alone, has been found sufficient to outweigh the Oaths of an hundred honest Men, even when that Evidence was placed in the lighter Scale of the uneven Balance of a Judge's Conscience. But the Power of the Lady is so much greater than that of her Lord, that, sometimes in Opposition to him, she prevails even upon Aldermen to act consistently with the Good of their Country! The Charms of this Lady, far from being impaired by Time, are even at these Years so great, that some crowned Heads, many mitred Heads, most ministerial Heads, and all the feathered Heads in the Universe, those pretty fluttering caper-cutting Expletives of Human-kind, are proud to enjoy her. She, good-natured Creature! shares her Favours plentifully among them, and is charitably inclined to be an humble Servant of any one that courts her. She is, however, guilty of one unpardonable Crime; I mean Incest: For some one or other of us, her own Children, every Libel we publish against Liberty, our immortal Enemy, lies locked in her Embraces, and is rewarded with full Possession of her Charms for his Pains. The Lady *Ignorance*, had by her Spouse Lord *Impudence*, a Son and Daughter, Lord *Noise* and Lady *Nonsense*, whom after her own incestuous Example, she persuaded to intermarry. Their eldest Son, Lord *Sturrility*, for sometime lived clandestinely with a Lady of a collateral Line, called *Scandal*, famous for attempting the Murder of *Reputation*; a Lady, so hateful to Persons of Quality, that few of them suffer themselves to be seen in her Company: Wherefore, she is now obliged to reside almost entirely among the inferior Class of People, and is said to descend so low, Sir,

as even to attend your Footsteps, and take Pleasure in your Company!

The Lady *Scandal*, had by Lord *Scurrility*, a Daughter, called *Stupidity*, who when grown up, the wanton Hussy courted her Father, and finding him prone to Evil, brought forth to him her first-born Monster, *The Tickler*. Her first-born Monster, I say, because this fruitful Mother of ours, brings forth every Day an untimely Conception, and consequently, every Birth a Monster. The *Spelator* has taught me to form a genealogical Table, thus:

**IMPUDENCE, IGNORANCE,
NOISE, NONSENSE,
SCURRILITY, STUPIDITY,
*The TICKLER.***

This Gentleman, Sir, our eldest Brother the *Tickler*, so very well supports the Dignity of his Family, that he is honoured with the Title of *King of the Scriblers*. Unluckily indeed his Wit swallowed up his Title of Lordship, because he was thought able to read, write, and some say, spell. But though his Wit devoured his Title, I'll venture for the Truth of the Proverb, 'twill never be the Death of his Grandmother.

In this wonderful Author, Sir, you find an inconceivable incomprehensible Fancy, married to the Judgment of a perfectly solid Head. * "He is himself alone." He scorns to follow any beaten Track, and is so much his own Original, that the World never yet saw, nor ever shall see, so unusual, so surprizing a Variety of Style; sometimes so profound, that even Men of Sense cannot comprehend his Meaning, and therefore seldom give themselves the Trouble of reading his extra-

A 5

ordinary

* Note, the Words, or Sentences, which are entirely taken from the *Tickler*, are marked with a double inverted Comma,

ordinary Pieces : and when they do, pretend forth, that they do it only to laugh at their Author's learned Ignorance. At other Times, descending from this profound Sublimity, or sublime Profundity, he discovers a Style so very familiar, that even Shoe-Boys are familiarly acquainted with it ; so easy and natural, that little lisping Babies speak as he writes : for Instance, " Cuckoo Charley ! " " Lord ! what a Hurry you are in now, to be a " Member of Parliament ? " What Child could speak more naturally or more inoffensively ? I assure you, Sir, a very bright young Lady of my Acquaintance, about ten Years old, hearing these Words read in the Beginning of one of his Papers, cried out in a Rapture, ' O Laud ! how I admire ' the *Tickler* for that ! for ' deed indeed, if I was a ' writing a Paper, I'd begin just so myself, so I ' would ; but I didn't know the *Tickler* played ' Hide and Seek with *Charley*.' Many other Proofs might be produced to shew how naturally the *Tickler* sometimes writes. If you require Instances of the incomprehensible Sublime above-mentioned, take these ; *Ratatat, Trichetomists, Nesticaran, Comi-Tragedian, Tragi-Comedian, &c. &c. &c.* If you would have more of these, be at the Pains of looking into the Original, for I cannot. Some People think these Expressions meer Nonsense, but you'll find, Sir, the *Tickler* will prove them elegant and good Sense, as evidently, — as ever he proved any Thing. But nothing can give you so lively an Idea of this Author, as Imitation. So far then as my own small Stock of Sense will permit me to arrive at his, I'll endeavour to give you a Specimen of his Manner. Let me now, then be supposed to address him in his own Style, disgracing Quotations from the best Authors, by tormenting them to my own stupid Purposes. But first, let me make him a Present of a Motto from an Author who comes nearest him of any I know.

*Shall you write Satire and be damn'd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with your Nonsense will be sham'd,
But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.
Int' other World expect dry Blows,
No Tears shall wipe your Stains out,
For Young and Pope shall pluck your Nose,
And Swift shall beat your Brains out.*

THOMAS BROWN.

“ So ho, So ho, Tickler, have at you! since
“ Dirt’s the Word, pelt away.” “ Cuckoo
“ Pauly! Lord, what a Hurry you’re in now to
“ struggle into Fame?” But, my dear Brother,
how the Devil comes it, that by endeavouring to
struggle into Fame, you have run the high Road
to Infamy? I know you will be pleased with this
Address, *Paul*.

For who can write the true Absurd like me?

Your Pardon, Tickler, who I mean but thee?

I think, Brother, you affect the genteel Black-guard in your most excellent Pieces, and indeed, I think you very justly merit one half of the Title. This I mention, lest your Ignorance, mistaking what I have ironically said in your Favour above, might Praise me in Return; though indeed, I don’t much suspect you for committing Gratitude in any Manner. But, dear *Paul*, don’t be so cruel as to praise me: Any Thing but that, I beg of you. For oh! poor Sir *Sam*! *Lucas*’s Harangues never did you so much Hurt as *Paul*’s dear-bought Praise of you; for indeed, *Sam*.

His Praise defames, as if a Fool should mean,

By spitting on your Face to make it clean.

Yet you and your Ingenious Brothers of the Board
*Set up this Senseless Wretch for Nature’s boast,
On whom Praise shines like Trophies on a Post.*

“ But two of the best Judges in *England* and *France*
“ told him he could Write.” Did they really,
Paul? Why then I’ll tell you what; they told you
a very great Lye indeed Brother. But I am much

more inclin'd to believe you belye them. Ah *Paul, Paul,*

*So Pedlars with some Hero's Head make bold,
Illustrious Mark! where Pins are to be sold.*

Oh poor itle Soul! and so the Manager would not receive it's Farce! What Impudence it shew'd in the Fellow to reject, as Nonsense, a Performance which such a Genius as yours had spent so many Years in writing, while you pretended to be studying Physick!

And was it your Wit, *Paul*, that promoted you to the Dignity of Charity-boy in a College in *France*? Well, sure you're a damn'd happy Creature! A Wit, a Tickler, Priest, Physician and Farce-writer, all in One! "Pray Heav'n all this don't end in a Scald Crow at last." But will you ever have done Scribbling, *Paul*? Indeed I don't believe you will;

*Time ne'er your fervent Petulance will cool,
For tho' you are a Wit, you are a Fool.*

Happy Genius, to tell us how we should spell Seamstrefs!

*While P's depos'd an A with Pomp restor'd!
Are these Expedients for Renown? Confess
Your Little self, that we may scorn you less.*

But I can't help thinking of the obstinate Ignorance of that *Lucas* to continue his Cock's Motto in spite of all your *Latin* and *Greek* Lucubrations. What an Impudent Dog he is to vex you so? But I think, Brother, you should conceal your Spleen a little better than to be heard praying Night and Morning in this Manner: "Ave Maria, &c. O Holy Mary Virgin Mother of Saints, St. Michael, St. Thady, St. Geffrey, St. Patrick, St. Hiffernan, &c. &c. &c. help me to pray for the Death and Damnation of that incorrigible Fellow with "One Eye staring and t'other stark mad;" that invinsible Fellow *Lucas*, whom I hate as heartily as I do his Patroness LIBERTY or the Constitution of my Country, so different from the charming *S'avèry* of *France*, where I was bred, and where all true
S'avish,

* *Slavish* Souls like mine, are proud to wear their
 ' Chains without ever shaking them as this hot-
 ' headed Patriot does here. O ye Saints and Ho-
 ' ly Fathers blast this Fellow, whom I can't for
 ' my Soul vex; who scorns to take any manner of
 ' Notice of me, but plainly declares he won't even
 ' read my Performances, and thinks me a wretch-
 ' ed worthless Animal, beneath the Notice of any
 ' Human Creature whatsoever. O may he and the
 ' damn'd "Lean long-winded *Quintinus*," get
 ' as poisonous a Dose as ever I prescrib'd a *Pro-*
 ' *testant*, or, as I would if I could, give *Charley*,
 ' whom I hate because I envy. Oghone, Oghone,
 ' *Amen, Amen! A vri.*

Heigh ho! alas poor *Tickler*! And are your
 Prayers answer'd, *Paul*? Oghone Oghone not at
 all. Brother; the Prayers of the Wicked, you
 know, never prevail. *Charley* flourishes, rejoicing
 in a good Conscience, while you sit fretting your
 Soul out, in your Cock-loft roosted near the Sky,
 at his Success and the miserable Sale of your *Græco-*
Latino-Tragi-Comi-Satiro-Farci-Burlesquicall Pieces!
 There's a Sense-echoing Sound re-echoing Phrase
 for you! Why, *Paul*, *Lucas* only laughs at you,
 and indeed well he may, for

*Ticklers on him, like Squibs on Triumphs, wait,
 Proclaim the Glory, and augment the State;
 Hot, envious, noisè, proud, the scribbling fry
 Burn, hiss and bounce, waste Paper, stink and die.*
 Lord these Quotations crowd so fast upon me that I
 must make you a Present of two or three more in
 a breath now; here then,

*Does Hunger, Paul, this scribbling Impulse give?
 You'll grow Immortal—for you cannot live.*

So remember *Paul*, that tho' like your Patrons the
Aldermen,
*You'd be a Slave, a Pimp, a Dog for Gain,
 Nay e'en a Sheriff for his golden Chain;
 Yet Fame's unwholsome, taken without Meat
 And Life is best sustain'd by what we Eat:*

Crown

Grown lean, not wise, you'll curse what'er you
Writ

And wish that all your Wants were in your Wit.
Don't imagine, Brother, that I abuse Poverty;
no, no Paul,

I reverence Misfortune, not deride,
I pity Poverty, but laugh at Pride.
But I might spare my Trouble for

O Paul, what Wisdom can convince a Fool
But that 'tis Dullness to conceive him Dull?
What Image of your Fury can we form?
Dullness and Rage, a Puddle in a Storm.
How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of the Tickler's Wit?
Now such a gentle stream of Eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of Sense;
Now by mad rage transform'd into a flame
Which even the starving Garret's cold can't tame.
What knot can bind him his, Evasion such?

One knot he well deserves——which may do much.
Oh poor Hiffey! Now tell me Truth, Paul;
wouldn't you be glad to change Conditions even
with that Wretch Lucas himself? Oh No; for see
The Tickler runs, Sir Samuel's Pulse he feels,
Then off in Measures frenchified he wheels,
So have I seen on some bright Summer's Day
A Calf of Genius debonier and gay.

But because, Paul, some say you have Wit; if
that be true, consider,

Wit in a Knave, my Brother, is no more
Than Beauty in a rank abandon'd Whore;
Nought can restrain such Ruffians from a Knife
And a dark Alley, but regard for Life;
Nought but rank Cowardice secures our Throats
From Bravo's at their Pens——or in their Votes.

Well had it been for you, Brother, had you not
heated a Furnace for Lucas so hot, that it singes
yourself. But I'm growing grave. Well then,
and so Lucas wouldn't make it up with you! Why
surely if you had not been, as you say, a Boobee;
you might have known his Pride would exult in
an

an Opportunity of shewing his Contempt when
you sent him such a Message as this,

Shur

‘ **H** Oping that you is in good helth I crave
‘ leaf to put this Troubles upon you. I’m
‘ shorry I wash sho grate a *Boohee* all the days of
‘ my Life as not to know your Prinshiples before
‘ I hope for the Honnor of sheeing your sweet
‘ Compnies at the *Whanix* and there I Vill begg
‘ your pardons and make up Madders Vid you
‘ and Never scriple, scrapple any more against you.
‘ Your Compliancy herein will make me, Shur,
‘ your Wery mosht Umle Sharwant

Paul Hiffernan.

And had he really the Assurance to return you
this Answer,

S I R,

‘ **T** H E Satire of such a Gentleman must do
‘ me much more Service than Hurt; there-
‘ fore, Sir, to continue it is the greatest Favour
‘ you can do

CHARLES LUCAS.

An Impudent proud Fellow! to refuse the Ac-
quaintance of a Physician both of Soul and Body
in one! How did you like this *Paul*? God
help you, poor Soul! for, if not shortly sav’d
the Trouble, I’m dreadfully apprehensive you’ll
stretch a Cord, which won’t be ungrateful. Oh,
my poor Brother, if you should come to this at
last, what will all your *French* Education signifie?
You have told us that Learning to a Physician is
like gilding to a Pill. Oh will your Learned gild-
ing make you swallow such a Pill with Pleasure?
No, no, my poor *Paul*! to think of your End
makes your sad Brother *No-body* stop a while to
cry——But now I think on’t, I have seen many
Whelps drown’d without shedding a Tear; why
then grieve at the hanging of an old barking Cur?
You have ever been a sad Puppy, *Paul*; so who
the Devil cares what comes of you? Your Learn-
ing is indeed gilding to a Pill; as thin, and as in-
spid a cover to the nauseous stuff it conceals. Yet
these

these stinking Druggs of your prescription, made up by Mr. *Hoey* and Mr. *Golding*, your Ingenious Friends the Board of *Aldermen* gulp down with almost as much Pleasure as they do the City Revenues; for they would swallow any Pill that has the sign of Gold about it, tho' the Devil or even the *Tickler* himself had made it up!

O fie *Paul*! why do you throw away the Paper in such a Passion? If you saw your Face now—— Well, but I'll not mention your Person; yet on second Thoughts, since you have given false Descriptions of *Lucas* and *Sheridan*, I think I ought to oblige the Town with a true one of so extraordinary a Person as yours. First then; the *Tickler's* Face is not worth Sun-burning, nor is it possible any where to conceive the Gallows more lively painted, unless the Devil or the *Tickler* should marry the Gallows and beget Gibbets. The rest of his Body answers the beauty of his Face exactly.

But I had almost forgot to mention your Excellence in Anatomy. Your Ears, you say, are such Masters of this Art that they "Dissect Sounds with the greatest Dexterity." Ingenious Sir, would you teach a body this Black Art of yours, But you had better not instruct us in Anatomy, for if we should dissect the *Tickler's* Body, I doubt not we should find his Liver as white as his Paper, his Gall as bitter as that his Ink is made of, and his Heart begrim'd and black as his own Face, which raises in me the Idea of Brass blacken'd by the greasie Smoke of a Dying Snuff.

Now, *Paul*! since you tell us the Happy point is to mix the serious and comical together, I must desire you to consider that every *Tickler* you write you are nearer Death than in the former. Oh but you can have Absolution! I forgot that. But pray, *Paul*, do you know what became of *Zailus* who was just such another Wretch as yourself, only not quite so mean an one? Why, he was, for abusing one great Man, almost lash'd to Death and then thrown headlong from the *Scyronian Rocks*——

But

But what's this to the *Tickler*? Why not much indeed, *Paul*, for you need not fear his Fate: 'Up Stairs you came into the World and up Stairs you'll go out.' The very News-boys seem to foreknow your Exit when they honour you with the Appellation of *Gallows-Paul*, and swear you will always wear the Title 'till you deserve it in good Earnest.

Now, *Paul*, since I have hinted that *Lucas* is a great Man; and because I know you love to hear him prais'd by me, your only Friend, Mr. *Nobody*; I must say something in his Favour to please you. What, then, made you so angry at his Speech to the *Barbers*?

*If that a just Offence to Hiffey gave,
Say, Hiffey, which art thou a Fool or Knave?
For all but such with Caution be forbore,
That you was both, 'tis true, he knew before;
He knew, poor Paul, both what you are and who,
No Mask so good, but Hiffey must shine thro':
False Names are vain, your Works their Author tell,
Your best concealment had been writing well.*

But, Brother, all who heard *Lucas* on that Occasion, except yourself and some few others of *Aldermanick Kidney*,

——— *Ravish'd with listening could not think
His Hour of Speech a Minute* ———

Why so, *Paul*?

——— *Because w! e're'er he speaks
The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the Mute Wonder lurketh in Men's Ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd Sentences!*

Alas Brother, *Sentences*,

——— *That rob the Hybla Bees,
Both of their Honey and their Stings.* ———

But your superior Sense pronounces them the Offspring of a crazy Brain. Your Opinions are truly singular, and very worthy of yourself; which is probably the Reason, that, 'The End of your *Tickler* always forgets the Beginning.' O, ho, 'I see you are winding up the Watch of your
Wit,

‘ Wit, and presently it will strike.’ Well, *Paul*, what have you to say for yourself, now? Why, you say, “ *Charley’s* Hackney and Journeymen “ *Scriblers* laugh at you; but what’s this to the “ *Purpose*? why don’t they touch upon your Ar- “ *guments*?” I’ll tell you *Paul*; because the Devil an Argument ever you made use of.

If you should live long enough, you happy Dog, to see *Charley* elected, what will become of you? What will become of these Guardian Sages, the Board of Aldermen? Oh *Paul*.

————— *Then breathless Wrongs*
Shall sit and pant in their great Chairs of Ease,
And purfy Insolence shall break his Wind
With horrid Fright—————

How will you look then, *Paul*? Why, not worse than you do now. What Sort of a Thing will you be then? Why, just what you are now, an O without a Figure.

But that’s true *Paul*, you went some time ago to see the Play of *Love for Love*, I commend your Spirit in mounting to the Upper Regions, that you might be exalted above that haughty *Charley*, who “ perk’d it at the same time in the Boxes ” and was saluted with a loud Clap, which for your comfort I can assure you will always attend him whenever he shews his Face there. But since you have been so hardy as to pronounce the whole set of *Lucasians* Block-heads, I must give you a hint upon that. You must know then, *Paul*, that those Enemies of ours, those Sons of Liberty, the Students of the College make a considerable Number among the *Lucasians*; and you know what Devils of Fellows they are when they once take a thing in their Heads. So that if ever you affront them under the Name of *Lucasians*; then, *Paul*, ware Pumping? And oh if poor Brother *Hiffey’s* Ears should be nail’d to the Gate, who knows but the whole Family of *Trichotomists*, *Barbitonsers* or *Barbers*, might in Revenge assemble to Exercise their “ Chin-polishing Art ” without Mercy? So once more, dear *Paul*, ware Pumping! You

You see how much I am concern'd for your Safety ; but how do you intend to live now, *Paul*? You can't make a Farthing's worth of Buttermilk of your *Ticklers*, and I am the only one that will trust you to attend them. What is the Reason that you have no Practice? I doubt, Brother, People are afraid of you and suspect that he who Murders any Man's Character, without Reason, will be as ready to destroy a Life when he may be paid for it.

Now to keep up my Imitation of your manner I'll drag in a few Quotations by Head and Shoulders to conclude with ; for,

*Some for Renown on Scraps of Learning dote,
And think they grow Immortal as they quote ;
To Patchwork Learn'd Quotations are Allied,
Both strive to make our Poverty our Pride.*

How could you have the Impudence to abuse the two best Judges of Writing in *France* and *England*, by saying they were such Block-heads, as to believe you could write? Remember, Scribler,

*To Glory you advance a lying Claim,
Thief of Renown and Pilferer of Fame.*

Remember Trifler,

*Triflers not even in Trifles can excell,
For solid Bodys only Polish well.*

Remember, Dunce,

*———— That Ignorance is the Curse of God ;
Like trodden filth your vile and abject Sense,
Is unperceiv'd but when it gives Offence.*

Since you have transform'd a Cock into a scald Crow, I'll venture to Metamorphose my barking Cur into a Snake, for the sake of Introducing one Quotation more, so Remember, venomous Animal,

*———— Snakes, Pliny says were bred ;
When the Brains peris'd in a human Head ;
Thou groveling, trodden, spotted, creeping thing
Made up of Venom, Volume, stain and sting,
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you curst,
To Scribe in the Dust, was Snake the first.*

Tickler farewell! — Remember me!

I hope Sir, you'll Pardon this long Digression,
for

for not one of us can help draining out the very Dregs and Squeezings of our Brain. If you condemn the Inconsistency, Stupidity, Nonsense, Unintelligible Jargon, and black-guard Scurrility of this Paper; consider I have partly imitated the *Tickler*; if you condemn it for incoherence and want of method, Remember I write in the Character of an Anonymous Scribler; if you think I have not well supported this Character, consider again I imitated the *Tickler*, whose Nonsense is Inimitable, and whose Spirit no Man living can keep up to, unless he was born the most ignorant of Mankind, and blest with an Impudence truly *Ticklerian*. I have tir'd you with this Wretch and shall never mention him after this Day, an Example I would recommend to all my Fellow-Scriblers.——When I had wrote thus far, a News-boy brought me the *Tickler's* last Speech and dying Words.

Now Sir, give me leave to conclude with offering you one piece of Advice, never take more notice of us than you have hitherto done; scorn even to mention us, think of us, or even know that there are such Reptiles disgracing the Earth. For indeed Sir, we are Wretches as far beneath your Resentment, as we are inferiour to your Fame; and therefore Envy makes many of us hate you as heartily as an Alderman does his own Conscience. Proceed Sir, with Indefatigable Ardour to finish that Illustrious Course, you have so gloriously begun. Undauntedly speak, strenuously Act, and bravely Persevere in the Cause of your ador'd Liberty. Boldly dare to carry her Standard through thousands of her Foes, till blest with Conquest, and paying honours at her Shrine, you hang up in her Temple an eternal Monument of the glorious Victory she has crown'd you with, and of her happy inspiring influence on the Hearts of her True-born Sons, the Free-Citizens of *Dublin*. Disdain the Idle, impertinent Threats of *Some-body*; laugh at the Malicious artful Insinuations of *Any-body*; and fear

G D E 58 NO-BODY.

